

Take pains at the  
start and avoid pain  
at the end

# Herbert Kaufman's Weekly Page

You can't play soli-  
taire when your as-  
sociates play the  
game

## The Modern Poets

By HERBERT KAUFMAN

The long-haired ones aren't *real*—the *important* contemporary poets are long-headed, too busy building roads and sky scrapers to bother with odes and *Castles-in-Spain*.

They're *fighting* the world's battles, not *writing* them. Their *pens* weren't mightier than the *sword*, but their *tools* are.

All the vital equipment with which this amazing century operates and economizes on mind and matter, was devised and contrived in *dream shops*—forged in the *smithies* of *vision*.

Fancy is the *forerunner* of fact. *Progress* is actually our old friend *Romance* turned practical.

*Imagination* is *Generalissimo*, in every field where great forces are employed or engaged.

The same quality of mind that produced a Homer, a Tennyson, and a Verne induced a Huntington, a Harriman and an Edison.

The ancient prophets were telepathic—the modern seers are telephonic.

Bell was simply a sooth-sayer who got down to hard-pan—he *predicted* and then *perfected*.

The inventor is just a clairvoyant who translates his *forecastings* to castings.

We get all our advance information through *engineers*. Their keen brains hear into the masked distances and sense advancements which the *obtuse* intelligence cannot detect.

Once upon a time dreamers were *afraid* to reveal themselves. Humanity wasn't ready to *believe* in their *power*.

Nowadays the men behind the tremendous games, are the sort we *used* to stick behind mad-house bars.

That's why so *many* poets confined their expressions to *Empirical* themes—they dreaded a *worse* confinement.

The *ideas* that went to *waste* in *padded cells* would probably fill *another* patent office and solve *half* of the problems with which we *are* now tussling.

Ignorance is *suspicious* of *new* notions and *derides* until it decides that they are *sound*.

For ages no *respectable* person would acknowledge *friendship* with a *scientist*.

*Chemistry* was looked upon as a *black art*.

Physicists hid their identity in star-freckled dominoes and pursued their studies under the guise of *charlatans*.

It hasn't been very long since *surgeons* had to earn their daily bread as *barbers*—they were permitted to *shave* their fellows, but not *save* them.

A *great deal* of *knowledge* was *formerly* a *very dangerous thing*.

We're bigoted folks, we humans, and despite *close* familiarity with *miracles* and the *means* by which they are *wrought*, there lingers a strong impulse to *discount* the *next* logical revelation.

Nine out of ten of us *continue* to "copper" every bet on the *unshown*.

We *still* scoff and *assure* ourselves that what *we* can't see, can't *be*.

That's why the *poets* began building *airships* and *subways*—that's why they took up the *scapel* and the calipers—they had to *prove* that *IT COULD BE DONE*.

## The Mole Wasn't Always Blind

**D**ISUSE is misuse. A rusty saw soon loses its bite. Neglect ruins more machinery than wear and tear. Unemployed faculties, as well as tools, quickly deteriorate. When you're out of condition you're out of competition.

There's no security in playing safe. Continue to avoid chances and after a while they'll avoid you. There's no prospect for the man without faith in his own powers. The biggest risk is in never taking one. Large winnings begin with small losings. Confidence springs from the knowledge of recuperative strength.

Character exercises itself upon rebuffs. The hardest fall is the first; we all start out with an ingrained fear of failure but after we once land with a bump and recover our balance, the next uncertainty is less formidable.

A baby would never walk if it quit trying after one fall-down. Go out and watch a fledgling make its trial flight. It's afraid of the distance to the ground but the wise old hen bird knows from her own experience that wings won't work until they are used, and keeps urging her chick until it overcomes the dread of tumbling.

Fly at it. You can't earn a big share until you learn to take a big dare. Anybody who expects to direct even a little group of his fellows, must first demonstrate, through past performances, the ability to face new situations without hesitation.

All positions of responsibility demand resource, originality and self-reliance.

Life is struggle. The mole tried to avoid that fight by remaining out of sight, and now he must keep under ground—he is unable to survive in a world for which he is no longer equipped. Once he had all his senses—he grew blind by staying in the dark.

## Go for It and Get It

**Y**OU'RE not branded—it isn't illegal to lose a position, so it's illogical to lose time worrying about it. There are no fingers pointing at you, but while you believe there are, you'll find none pointing to you.

You can't simultaneously cry and try. We've no sympathy for the man who demands it.

You're acting as though you'd committed a crime, not a mistake of judgment and beg for a chance with the diffidence and humility of a mendicant. If you can deliver full value for your wage, it is no favor that you seek.

Employers give no more than they get when they pay skilled and reliable men the worth of their service. Drop that bearing of apology, go out and take what belongs to you.

## Let Us Make Sure

**M**OST of the time we'd rather not believe in a hell, but occasionally we hear of such outrageous crimes that no legal measure seems adequate for their punishment, and then too there are the undetected scoundrels who manage to sneak through life without paying a penalty here for the exquisite misery they create.

It doesn't seem that a just providence can let such as these go scot-free; some place, some time, the big plan of existence must reckon with their wanton careers.

For instance, we would all like to feel sure that the leaders of orphan asylum mal-administration will be appropriately dealt with.

In the light of modern philanthropy, it's hard to realize that the breed of Squeers still survives. We dared to hope that there were no more Dottheboys Halls left in the world—that the exploitation of helpless children in public and private institutions had ceased—that little boys and girls were guarded and cared for everywhere.

But recent disclosures attest to the presence of human hyenas in at least one great city.

Orphan babies, foundlings but for all that, just as wistful and chubby and cuddlesome as your own—ill-starred mites, thrown upon the mercy of the community—toddlers who have already lost more than tomorrow can hold, the love-guidance of fathers and mothers—these innocents to whom we owe every protection, care and help, have been underfed, tortured, tantalized and terrorized by as contemptible a pack of rascals as ever pilfered the faith of humanity.

It's an ugly episode, a tawdry page in the history of our day.

Let us hope that such things aren't happening generally—that this is an exceptional case—**BUT LET US MAKE SURE.**

## The Part That Patience Plays

**T**HE first steps in the study of every subject are the least attractive. To learn a new language, one must devote months to the acquirement of dull, grammatical rules; yet in the comprehension of these details lies the only key to the delightful treasures of romance and poetry immediately ahead.

The art student does not begin to paint until he has qualified himself by wearisome draughtsmanship. His primary efforts are directed to the copying of casts, the reproduction of drapery, and long before he may engage in inspirational work he plods through colorless days of considering color combinations, of brush exercise and the technicalities of lighting and perspective.

Education cannot equip a dullard with brains, but by its logical processes, it does train initially bright minds to think more logically, quickly and simply.

The road to knowledge is tedious. Patience and determination are the first requisites of a good student. Neglect of basic principles, intolerance of uninteresting fundamentals and rebellion against routine demonstrate the lack of sufficient determination and concentration to make a success of any career.

## How to Become Great

**E**VERY thought marks a line on your brain. The more you think it, the deeper you sink it. Think the same thing often enough and it eventually becomes a groove—an instinct.

When good thinking, clean thinking, efficient thinking become habits, they automatically lead to good work, clean living and efficient methods.

Success is a consistent, persistent mental attitude.

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